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tion, the Presentation of the Saviour in the temple, and the woman bruising the serpent's head. It is to be regretted that the heads of these bas-reliefs are mutilated and three statues of angels destroyed, one at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and two

others near the Virgin, to whom they were presenting a crown. The remaining statues are in good condition, but the whole pulpit appears to be hastening to ruin. It has been found necessary to prop it up with iron bars.

TURKISH BARBERS AND THEIR SHOPS.



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH BARBER'S SHOP.

BARBERS' shops in Turkey are coffee-houses, but these coffee-houses are no more like ours than their occupants resemble our Figaros. Four walls without paper, sometimes ornamented with arabesques, but more frequently whitewashed; a large

high window-frame; a wooden ceiling with mouldings and designs in a strange style; an inlaid floor covered with mats to wipe the feet; a wooden bench running along both sides of the shop for persons of greater consideration; or an elevated

platform at the end covered with cushions and carpets; or sometimes small wooden seats before the door, from which the customer may get a good view of the country and what is going on outside; in the way of furniture, a stove where are prepared the coffee, sherbet, and other drinks allowed by the prophet; a collection of chibouks, pipes, narguillehs, and perfumes; a small fountain playing in summer, and a chafing-dish with a heap of coals burning in winter; the master of the place calmly setting an example to the smokers and drinkers; and his Armenian assistants attending to the customers with the utmost possible deliberation—such are the principal objects and characters which together make up the scene usually presented to an observer on entering a Turkish barber's shop.

Some of these establishments are distinguished by greater splendour and importance, and are really elegant models of Byzantine architecture. This is the case with that depicted by our artist, but such instances are exceptions to the general rule.

On entering a Turkish barber's shop, the first thing to be done is to take off one's shoes or slippers. You then squat down on a mat or climb up into a stall of the wooden seat which runs along the sides of the shop, and is covered with cushions. They bring you a pipe and a cup of coffee; the pipe is as large as the cup is small. You fill the pipe again and again, and take as many cups of coffee as you choose. The Moslems carry out the precept *festina lente* (hasten slowly) to perfection. There are some who spend two hours in emptying a chibouk, drinking in the mean time fifteen or twenty cups of coffee.

When you have finished smoking and drinking, the barber's man comes up stropping his razor on the leather attached to his girdle. He then covers your face with the lather and commences operations in good earnest. Beware of opening your eyes, and breathe through the nose if you can—if not, you will stand a good chance of being stifled, for the performer is as slow and impassive as he can well be. He passes his razor over your skin with as much indifference as if he were scraping a board. He seizes you by the nose, the moustaches, and the hair; knocks your head against the wall; turns it to the right, to the left, forward, and backward; pulls and pinches your cheeks; and cuts the beard down to the flesh, passing over it again and again without paying any more regard to the blood which he sheds than if he were a butcher skinning a sheep. If you groan, he is deaf; if you cry out, he does not relent; if you struggle, he heeds not; and if you storm, he says not a word. All you get for your pains is to be held still tighter, handled more roughly, and grazed and gashed more

pitiably. At last you are out of your misery, and you see your executioner wiping his razor between his finger and thumb. He makes you a slight bow as he shakes his fingers, at the risk of bespattering you with soapsuds; after which, taking out a new implement from his bundle, he catches hold of your ears, pulls them out, blows in them so as almost to deafen you, and then picks them as a cook would scrape the bottom of a dirty saucepan.

For a European, the crisis is now over; nothing more remains to be done but to look at himself in the glass which is brought him and give repose to his distorted muscles by smoking a final pipe, accompanied by a few draughts of coffee.

But in the case of a Mussulman, the operation is only half over. After the face, the head must be shaved. The reader will see in our engraving a sort of funnel hanging over the head of the patient. From this the barber pours a stream of tepid water over his head and face. If the poor wretch is drenched, that is his look-out. The man gives him a basin in which he must catch the cascades as he best can. Now, as he is compelled to shut his eyes to keep out the stinging soap and water, the pretended reservoir only receives a few drops, while the rest goes over the tunic and the trousers. But the Mussulman resigns himself to his fate. It was so ordered, is his remark, and this notion carries him safely through all his troubles. When the head is shaved, the barber perfumes it with scented oil and gives it the polish of a new doll. The pipe and the coffee conclude the whole business.

It is related of an Englishman who was staying in Constantinople that, on going to get his hair cut, he was horrified to find they had shaved his head before he could avert the calamity, and ran in a great fury to an officer of the police who was smoking in motionless silence at a coffee-house. The *civis Romanus*, as Lord Palmerston would say, laid his complaint before the official with no lack of words and plenty of vehement gesticulation, and concluded by calling for summary vengeance upon the offender. There was not a word of reply. He raised his voice to a higher pitch, he swore, he stormed. Still no answer. Yet the officer understood him, for he spoke in French, as he had been brought up in Paris. At length the Englishman, driven to distraction, vowed he would go and inform the English ambassador, the matter would be brought before the Sultan, and Great Britain would demand satisfaction. To all this there was no more answer than before. The officer merely uttered an exclamation between two whiffs—a sort of *pish!*—and then sank back into his impassive state. The Englishman, struck with astonishment, ran off, but whether he ever obtained redress, is more than we can pretend to say.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE enterprise and energy of our nation and government bid fair to make Japan ultimately as well known as the British Indian provinces. But at present it is comparatively unknown; the Dutch having by no means exhausted all that might be made public relative to this country, which, while owing something to its mystery, is likewise of itself interesting. Instead of waiting for the day, then, when we shall have yacht voyages to Nippon and Kiusiu, as we have yacht voyages to Texas and China, we continue to give our readers, from the most recondite and best resources, some account of Japan as it is known. As the materials exist almost exclusively in huge and expensive Dutch works—a language not so familiar to the general public as French—our information must prove valuable.

The social, political, and religious characteristics of the country are very curious. It does not appear that their present seclusion has been a thing of all time. The timidity and mystery of the rulers of Japan is of modern growth. During the days of early intercourse, it was marked by high-bred courtesy on their part, combined with refined liberality and hospitality, without questions as to circumstances, rank,

calling, or nation.* When a governor of the Philippines was wrecked and destitute, they at once treated him according to his rank. He was received with princely honours, which were continued during his residence. Every assistance was given him to depart. The poor boy Adams, who was wrecked there, rose from the state of "apprentice to master Nicholas Diggines of Limehouse" to be a prince in Japan. He became the counsellor and friend of the monarch. For a whole century trade was free and unshackled, and profits were enormous. The amount of gold and silver sent home by these traders was very great.† The missionaries succeeded in making two million converts to Christianity. They were allowed to build temples and to teach the tenets of Rome. Toleration was extended to the religion of Budha, the votaries of which now outnumber those of Sinto. There are

* See "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," edited, with notes, by Thomas Randall. London: for the Hakluyt Society.

† See "Summary of the Narrative of Don Rodrigo de Vivero y Velasco," in Appendix to Memorials, etc.